

THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE



SUMMER TERM - 1926

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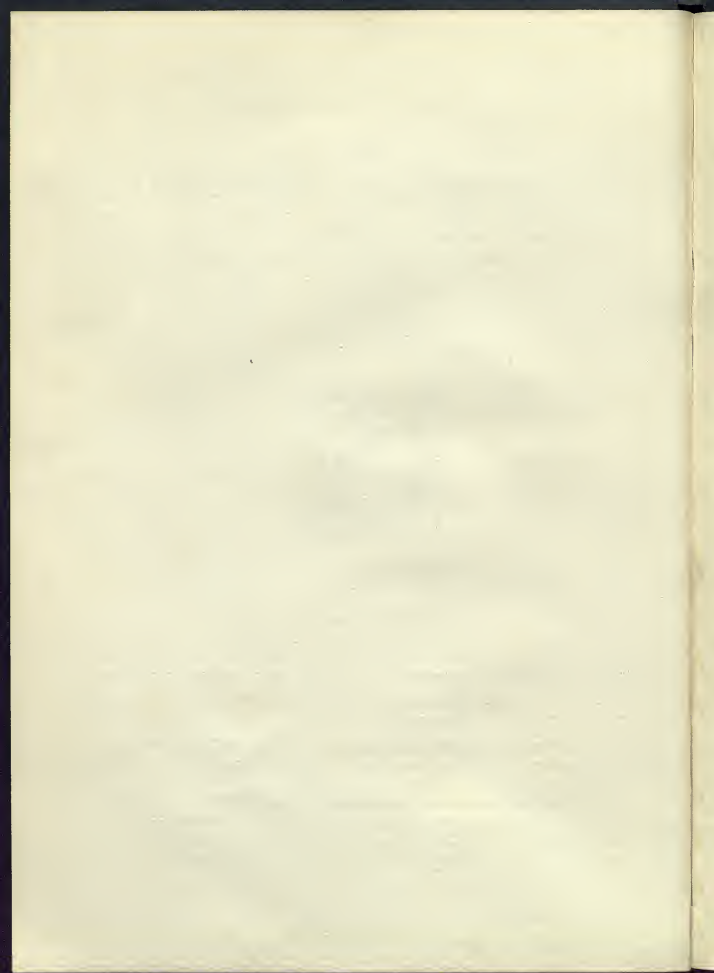
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THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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CONTENTS.

FRONTISPIECE : THE NEW ATLAS, *Page 68.*

EDITORIAL, *Page 69.*

STUDENTS' COMMITTEES, *Page 71.*

SPEAKING PURELY PERSONALLY, *Page 72.*

PRIZE COMPETITION, *Page 73.*

LOGIC IN THE LIBRARY, *Page 74.*

THE DEATH PROPHECY, *Page 75.*

THE WRITINGS OF EULYMUS THE SCRIBE, *Page 76.*

A STONEHAM SONG, *Page 78.*

PEEPS INTO THE PAST, *Page 79.*

FOREIGN PARTS, *Page 80.*

THE CAMBRIDGE CONGRESS, *Page 82.*

DIARY OF A VOLUNTEER, *Page 83.*

OLD HARTLEYANS ARE HELPING! *Page 84.*

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED, *Page 85.*

CORRESPONDENCE, *Page 88.*

COLLEGE NEWS:—

INTER-VARSITY DEBATE, *Page 89.*

HALL NOTES, *Page 90.*

PLAY READING CLUB, *Page 91.*

CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL SOC., *Page 91.*

SOIREE, *Page 92.*

GRAMOPHONE CLUB, *Page 92.*

ECONOMICS SOCIETY, *Page 93.*

N.U.S., *Page 93.*

ATHLETICS:—

CRICKET, *Page 94.*

RUGGER, *Page 95.*

THE SPORTS MEETING, *Page 95.*

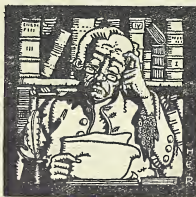


THE NEW ATLAS.

THE SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

EDITORIAL.

VARIATIONS IN Z MINOR ON A CYNICAL AIR.



CON *morbidexa*.

This issue finds us rather in the position of Alexander lamenting the lack of further worlds to conquer; or, lest we seem to lack modesty, of a small boy who, having devoured his ice in one mouthful, finds he has no more pennies. For last term (*piu vivo*) how thoroughly we enjoyed ourselves stamping the heavy foot of satire on the tender corns of some of our contemporaries! But now, alas! (*vall.*) we can find no more sufficiently tender to be inviting. Nor (like again, perhaps, the small boy) were our subsequent feelings characterised by entire satisfaction: one of the seemingly most sensitive

corns proved void of feeling, for did not a certain gentleman inquire who the professor was (*cappricioso*) who couldn't pronounce his ah's properly? Oh, Albert! (*piangendo*) did not the cap fit most excellently well?

YET (*piu mosso*) let us forget our disappointments—"fervet intus caritas"—and remember what these our contemporaries have done for us. Only half-an-hour, for instance, after the finish of the Intercession Services (), held during the strike by the C.U., news was received that all was quiet in the country and (*molto cresce*) the Red Hand of Moscow stayed. And the Lit. and Deb., none of that carping criticism that defiled the pages of the last issue (*-pp. subito*—such bad form, too!) can attend this term's activity—there have been no debates. Our lecturers, again, have not their discourses been as full as ever of desiccated wisdom?—wisdom who knows as we know how wise, and who, as we, how desiccated!

NOW (*con amor*), since once more charity abounds in our heart, may we, this being the last time we shall edit a mag., say, as our respected predecessors (every jack man of 'em) have on such occasions said, how much (*con gran tristezza*) this sad event cuts us to that same heart where "caritas fervet." What joy has been ours to scan the pages submitted to our anxious care—(*rubato*)

those big sheets with little writing and those little scraps written on both sides—the faultless spelling, the impeccable grammar, the exemplary orthography there displayed. And all those other grateful tasks down to the final exchange of the printed copy for the reluctant sixpence—(*con molto espressione*) how they will be missed!

IN conclusion (*animando*), we welcome our successor, confident that these delectable duties will be in hands as appreciative as capable. All those who have helped us in the production of this periodical, for their willing assistance we thank: all those who have not, for their kind forbearance—we thank. (*Da capo ad lib.*)

CODA.
Nunc dimittis.



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SPEAKING PURELY PERSONALLY.

I ALWAYS go to an Art Exhibition, of whatever nature, in hopeful anticipation of an interesting hour, although I have often been disappointed. The least promising have sometimes yielded one or two things worth looking at, however, and some have given me that authentic thrill that belongs only to a moment of vision. Notably one or two of the Royal Drawing Society's Exhibitions at the Guildhall, London, have quickened me into something of that spirit in which Keats wrote, "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken." For the Royal Drawing Society exhibits the work of children—the product of the "drawing" period of the school time-table—and it is a novel and revealing experience to look at the world through the clear eyes of a child.

It was, therefore, with the usual hope that I found my way to the first Annual Exhibition of the Southampton and District Artists' Club, at the Central Library. I went one Friday evening, and spent about an hour there; I went the next afternoon and stayed longer. The pictures seemed rather worse the second time; they grew upon me. So, fearing to become infected with the affliction of vision that had apparently befallen their painters, I fled.

The test of pictorial art is, surely, that of vision and technique; if the artist cannot to-day see the world fresh and clear, as something divinely novel and unique, and cannot render this vision in such a way that it can be shared, then he had better resign the claim to art, which, in fact, he can never justify. Technique must be novel and individual, as well as vision, for the artist cannot communicate his vision through methods not his own, or through outworn media. One cannot see clearly through other men's eyes, and one cannot see at all through dead men's eyes. "Let us have new forms, or let us have no forms at all," cried Konstantin, in "The Sea-Gull," and that is the message of all art. It is one which, apparently, Southampton (and District) artists have yet to receive.

It is not my intention to write a detailed critique of this exhibition of misguided effort and mistaken courage, nor is it my wish in any way to denigrate the work of any particular artist who has probably, in any case, done better with a subject or a medium than I should have done. But one or two pictures stand out from the ruck by reason of the absence in them of some of the most common deficiencies, and others by reason of their complete and even self-assertive badness. The first two pictures of the whole collection, "Mona Lily" and "Cleopatra Reanimate," did, in fact, show a certain perception of the necessity of stating a subject somewhat differently from the way in which it has been stated a million times before. And two still-life pictures—cleanly painted flowers and vases and so on—by Miss G. L. Figgins, pleased me; they were competent and unpretentious, and though that is not vision, it is much.

Those artists who had gone to local scenes for their inspiration had generally failed rather badly. "The Avenue" (No. 21) was represented by Mr. Smith to be drenched in a pale, pinkish-mauve light that (by the mercy of Heaven) never was on sea or land; while, "In the New Forest" (No. 8), recalled the woodland scenes (tuppence coloured) of the toy theatres of our childhood. And "The Clock Tower" (No. 105) may have been painted in deliberate and daring challenge of the laws of perspective and all the conventions of chiaroscuro, but looked rather like the result of a failure to realise that such laws and conventions exist.

It is kinder to say nothing about the various portraits (Nos. 11, 57, 57a) of Mr. Sandell and Mr. Batalha Reis, though the latter's "Miss Kathleen Frost, Dancer" (No. 44) has a disarming naïveté.

Mr. Hayter, with "The Family Treasure," and Miss D'Elboux, with "A Daisy Amongst the Oak-Trees," showed how completely the opportunities offered by a subject can be wasted. I am particularly annoyed with Mr. Hayter, for he has painted a picture of a young mother with her baby, with the proud and also youthful father a little in the background, and painted it somewhat in the style of a Glaxo advertisement. Now, a young mother with her baby is a subject that has inspired some of the greatest painters in the world, and may yet inspire more; it is neither easy nor banal, nor unworthy of the best that can be brought to it. Most of the great Italian painters of the Renaissance, for example, made it the subject of their finest pictures. They usually called them "The Holy Family," but every family is a holy family to the vision of the artist. But vision is not a quality cultivated by Southampton (and District) artists.

LASTLY, I became conscious of something lacking, of the absence of one particular art-form that is the oldest in the world, and that is always new. Eventually, I realised what it was. There were no figure studies, there was nothing that suggested that any of these worthy ladies and gentlemen had ever attempted that most difficult and most rewarding side of their art. But unless that is attempted, there is small ground for expecting any new school of art to arise in Southampton (and District), to contribute something to the great heritage of the world. Only the steady reproduction of landscapes painted by that bored and conventional artist, Nature, remains as a possible field of development. But I do not despair altogether. At least I saw one good picture. Mr. Goossens painted an apple-tree in blossom (No. 41) and achieved the essential miracle; his little canvas was filled with light and colour and a sense of movement. So I had my moment of vision, and went home not entirely unhappy.

SIGMA.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

May we call your attention to the drawing you have already noticed that faces the Editorial. In connection with this problem picture, a prize of one copy of last term's mag. is offered for the best solution of the artist's meaning. Each solution must be accompanied by a coupon—see last page. In the event of two correct solutions being received, the prize will be divided.

The artist by the way, a young man of astounding genius, is, to judge by the ornate simplicity of his style, and the austere magnificence of his technique, destined to carve himself, in the world of art, a name even more lasting than those he has already carved on desks during Mrs. —'s lectures. His initials, which appear in the S.E. corner, are—standing (reading from left to right)—H. R.; kneeling—E. In the order determined by godfather, godmother, and natural circumstances they are—

H. E. R.

LOGIC IN THE LIBRARY.

"**T**HE law of the excluded middle is"—
 Oh, hang! My notebook's in the Common Room
 And what on earth—! Oh, Molly, be a dear—
 Molly! wake up—lend me your logic notes—
 Ah, thanks! "*The law of the excluded—*" What
 Was that new pun that Mr. Dudley made?
 Lawyers and liars being synonyms
 Was scarcely funny— Molly, do shut up,
 How can I work if you make such a din?
 "*A must be either—*" Glory! Who is this?
 And what giddy tie—tones with his eyes;
 I met him in the town the other day,
 He simply beamed— I do think he's a dear—
 An awful shame he's married, isn't it?

OH, yes, I know—but then you spoke just now;
 Now I *must* work. Mm—"B or not B"—That
 Is after all the merest common sense:
 Either I dance with B—this dinner hour,
 Or else I don't; and, if I do, then C—
 Will be the excluded middle—serve him right.
 "*One given thing need not be either greater—*"
 Oh, do keep still! This table wasn't made
 Just to conceal your silly monkey tricks,
 Distracting people when they want to work.
 Now I must concentrate; oh, do stop kicking—
 "*The principle above discussed may be—*"
 A new frock for the soirée, did you say?
 What luck! But, Molly, don't you really think
 That bois de rose instead of eau de vie
 Would suit your eyes? . . . Oh, no! I didn't mean
 To cast aspersions on your beaming orbs.
 "*Summed up by saying—*" Thank goodness!
 There's the bell.

COME to refec.? Oh, do! I've got some tin . . .
 And Mr. Dudley thinks we never work,
 When I've been swotting all this blessed hour . . .
 Insulting, isn't it? Cream buns or biscuits?
 Yes, two coffees, please . . . and choc . . .
 One's mind must need a lot of sustenance
 After two hours of really heavy work . . .
 Sugar? . . . Ah, thanks! . . .

M. P.

THE DEATH PROPHET.

TO THE EDITOR,

Unlike the previous stories written over the initials H.G.B., this one is probably not true. But, still, the writer is well acquainted with a man (a commercial traveller, by the way) who stays at a boarding house in Bloomsbury, and is waited upon by one called Quintus, or it might be Sextus now! Anyway, the circumstance might well account for the following story, probably the last, as next year's Editor has a strong disbelief in truth, and would never accept a fourth in the series.

THE AUTHOR.

WAS I mad? I sat up in bed, resting on my arms stretched out behind me, staring open-mouthed at the figure across—the room. Had it not been broad daylight, I should have imagined myself dreaming. The figure possessed the body and habiliments of Quintus, the man who usually brought up my shaving water, which was then steaming on the wash-stand. But the head! Shall I ever forget it? It was that of a skeleton. A grinning skull stared at me! It spoke a few words—I did not understand them—and the man went out of the room. No, it was Quintus all right. The voice was the voice of Quintus. But that skull! There was no mistake about it. I saw it! A commercial traveller gets used to many things, but this was a new experience. Perhaps Quintus was playing a practical joke, although it didn't look it. But Quintus! A staid, old chap of fifty years, who had been at that Bloomsbury boarding house for more than a quarter of a century. Why, I had known him off and on for nine years, and the only thing he ever laughed about was Scotch jokes. He satisfied his acquisitive instinct by collecting them. I fancy that Scotch guests never tipped him.

I WENT down to breakfast. As usual, the dishes were brought in by Quintus, but fleshless bone rested on his shoulders. Strange to say, the others didn't notice anything. They exchanged morning platitudes with him as usual. Apparently I was the only one who saw that skull, and endured the pleasure of eating eggs and bacon at its hands without showing signs of discomfort. No mean feat, really! I said nothing, and resolved to see an oculist as soon as possible.

Business took me out early. I returned that evening to hear that Quintus dropped dead that afternoon. Heart failure, the doctor said. . . . My mind flew back to the skull. Was that the meaning? I was to find out that very evening. After dinner I went out, glad to escape from the melancholy surrounding the place. It was just eight, time enough to visit the Alhambra. I took a tube ticket to Leicester Square, and found myself on the platform. A man, a city man, to judge by his clothes, was standing at the edge, his attaché case beside him, worn yellow gloves on his hands. But I stood there petrified. The inevitable bowler was perched on a — ugh! I knew what it was! The roar of the oncoming train was heard; it appeared at the far end. The city man flung up his hands and jumped to the rails. . . . I did not go to the Alhambra, but went back to Bloomsbury to try to figure it out.

There was only one solution. *The skull was an omen of death!* Why I should suddenly have had the mantle of a death prophet folded round me, Jove knows. But so it was. A new tenor was added to life. Things went on as usual for the next few days, nothing happening. Then an appalling fear clutched at my heart. Suppose my death was near. Could I not foretell that? The mirror would answer. After that I lost no opportunity in looking at a mirror, so much so that my business associates quizzed my vanity.

BUSINESS still kept me in London, and one morning I got up and prepared to shave, using the hot water left by Quintus' successor. I lathered well, went to the glass, and recoiled in horror. A lathered skull stared back at me grinning in mockery! Death was knocking at my door. How would it come? In a flash a possible solution came to me. I was to fly to Paris that day to do urgent business for the firm. Hastily I rang the bell for the man, and gave him a shilling to send a telegram, cancelling my seat for the journey. I went back to the mirror—my own image was reflected! I continued shaving with a safety razor, discarding the Kropp.

* * * *

That evening I was writing in my room, when the raucous voice of a news-boy reached my ears. "Aeroplane disaster in the Channel! Speshul piper!" I knew it.

H. G. B.

THE WRITINGS OF EULYMUS THE SCRIBE.

1. Concerning a certain youth of the House of Stone. 7. Those things that were done by the Chief Priest of Stone. 10. The strange affair of her that is called the Babe. 14. The youths and maidens make merry. 18. The Pilgrimage called Peace.

¶ 1. I T came to pass in the land of Sou, when the moon *that is called Spring* did shine, strange things did happen unto a young man from the House of Stone, yea, even unto he that is named after the fashion of harness.

2. For he did wear strange apparel: many robes of divers colours did he put on that he might show himself unto the youths and maidens; yea, even unto the Elders did he appear.

3. And they did smile, and did say amongst themselves, "Wherefore these strange things?" And they did muse wisely among themselves as to the cause thereof.

4. But the young men did murmur among themselves that Phyreagila, a scribe of the tribe of Econ, did know *much* concerning these things.

5. For lo! the strange young man hath received many writings from this same scribe; yea, even writings that have been called *love* writings and have been signed "Heather Hewitt."

6. But the wise men do say *that when* the moon doth change the young man will lose that feeling that hath been called spring, and will once more wear the attire of his brethren.

¶ 7. T HE Chief Priest of the House of Stone hath waxed brave, and hath shown the youths that do dwell therein the marvellous works of his hands; yea, he doth drive a chariot of metal and smoke.

8. And lo! the hedges do come out to meet him, and the ditches *do run* under the wheels, but the chariot doth proceed unchecked.

9. But the time will come, O men of Sou, when the chariot will run straight, therefore take ye heed of thy doings before that time lest ye might run under the wheels.

¶ 10. **A**ND it came to pass that the maiden who is like unto a small child grew sore displeased with the manner *in which* the maidens did do their hair, and she did say unto herself, "Wherefore should I do as they do?"

11. So she went unto the House of Shears, and did have her hair cut off in the manner likened unto a small boy's hair.

12. And lo! when she returned to the Coll. the multitudes marvelled, and did say unto one another, "What is this that thou hast done?" And they murmured loud and long unto themselves.

13. But the youths did smile and say unto one another, "Lo and behold, she that is called the Babe hath had her hair cut in order that she may resemble a small youth," and *they did* feel highly flattered.

¶ 14. **A**ND it came to pass in the month of May, on the twenty-second day of the month, all the tribes of Hart did gather together for the feast of Re-union, and, lo, in the evening of that day, they did dance to instruments of musick.

15. Some youths and maidens did do a strange dance, for they did shake their legs as though they did suffer from palsy, and the multitudes did wonder what these things meant.

16. But he that is named Stay, the son of Hall, did grow wrathful, and did say, "O ye of little faith, have ye not heard of the dance *that is* called the Charleston, for surely that is what we are doing."

17. And the multitudes were silent and wondered what things *would come* next.

¶ 18. **I**N the month that is called June, and on the ninth day of the month, an Elder of the House of Geog did gather up her robes and did depart unto the land called the Marlands.

19. And she did carry a banner and did wear the sign of peace upon her arm; for was not she a leader of the pilgrimage of peace?

20. Many did marvel at the strange works of the Elders, and did follow afar off that they might see their glorious works.



A STONEHAM SONG.

(With apologies where apologies are due.)

IF you wake at midnight and hear the Warden's feet,
 Don't go switching on the light or flinging back the sheet.
 Them that makes no noises dodge his peering eye,
 So watch the wall, my darlings, while the Warden passes by.

*Five-and-twenty students,
 Crouching in the dark,
 Wilfred, Cooke, and Marcus,
 Ot and brother Clarke,
 All been out with ladies,
 Crept in on the sly.*

So watch the wall, my darlings, while the Warden passes by.

IF you see the stable door setting open wide,
 If you see the Annexe lads crawling by inside,
 If they look a trifle sick, battle worn, and sore,
 If their talk is loose and warm, don't you ask no more.

If you meet the Janitor time to go to bed,
 You be careful what you say and mindful what is said.
 If he calls you—never mind—and clouts you 'neath the chin,
 Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been.

Shouts and whistles round the house, noises after dark,
 You've no call for getting scared, this is not our lark.
 Reggie's in and little George, and see how quiet they lie.
 You've no cause to worry when the Warden passes by.

*Five-and-twenty students,
 Crouching in the dark,
 Wilfred, Cooke, and Marcus,
 Ot and brother Clarke,
 All been out with ladies,
 Crept in on the sly.*

So watch the wall, my darlings, while the Warden passes by.

PEEPS INTO THE PAST.

I.

IT was the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day in slumberous Old Virginia. The air was heavy with the languorous sweetness of the ripening tobacco-plant; the drowsy silence was unbroken, save for the hum of insects and the faint scratching of the Virginia creeper as it crept quietly, but remorsefully, over the homestead of the Washingtons.

By the gate, which led on to the dusty road, stood a little boy confronted by an incensed parent. Washington, senior, had, that morning, given little George the long-cherished desire of his heart—a real, bright, little axe. And now he had returned from a meeting of the local Elks, to find the family cherry tree prostrate on the gravel, its branches hacked and torn, and the ruby fruit scattered in the dust.

"My son," thundered the sire, "who cut down my tree?"

The child's lip quivered as he strove to keep back the smarting tears which blinded the steadfast blue of his brave little eyes. He gazed on the fallen pride of the orchard, the accusing axe still clutched in his trembling hand, and then the menacing brow of his stern parent.

"Pop," he faltered, then squared his shoulders, and spoke out like a little American, to whom prevarication is repellant when the truth is obvious, "Pop, I cannot tell a lie."

"You had better not, my son," replied the elder grimly.

"POP, it was like thisyer. I was sorta prospectin' around with my lil' old hatchet, when I flushed a son-of-a-gun of a derned ole wasp. Wall, sreee,

I laid after that tarnation bug up and down the hull outfit, and trailed him till he lit right on your nice lil' cherry tree. 'Ho!' says I, 'you mighty fresh ole wasp. What for you park on my Pop's tree? Git! or, by gosh, it's you for the pearly gates, pronto. I guess I don't allow no ole insect to come foolin' around my Pop's tree.' With that I smacked at him, good and hard, with my cute lil' axe. But, call me a dago, if the goddam son-of-a-coyote didn't make a get-a-way; and, instead of hitting ole man wasp, dern my eyes if I didn't sure chop your pore tree."

"Ha!" exclaimed the stern voice of the planter. "You say you missed the bug and hit my tree?"

"Yep, Pop," replied the sturdy little fellow with manly candour. "You sure have said it."

"Wall"—drawled the father, removing his belt and taking a turn of it round his right hand—"just you bend over and touch your toes, till we see if your ole Pop ain't a better shot."

(Which story goes to show—as Colonel House points out—why it is that American Presidents now prefer writing dignified and stiffly-worded notes to taking violent measures, when dealing with wasps and submarines.)

II.

"ARKY, dear," pleaded the long-suffering wife of the great Syracusan through the key-hole of the best bedroom, "we shall be frightfully late for Dionysius' dinner, and you haven't yet even had your bath."

"To the ravens with you and your Zeus-forsaken bath," bellowed the scientist, "I can't find the gold pin of my dress chiton."

"Never mind, dear, have your bath, and let me make search for it. Perchance it has fallen, and rolled under the tripod or the bust of Aristotle."

Muttering with savage incoherence, Archimedes rushed to the bathroom, and jumped into the prepared water. Sitting down suddenly and heavily, he immediately sprang up again with a yell of pain, the missing pin embedded in his anatomy.

"Eureka, the damned thing," he screamed. "What a pack of careless she-dogs we have for servants in this house."

(Which proves, as the blonde Lorelei would say, that gentlemen were always the same—I mean especially scientific gentlemen, in the way they behave to we girls.)

III.

THE crowning glory of Restoration Science paced moodily up and down the garden of the old Manor House at Woolsthorpe, his hands behind his back, his head bent in profound meditation. But ever and anon, he raised his eyes to the liquid moon which adorned the autumn night, as though mutely challenging the serene mistress of the skies to reveal the secret of her nocturnal wanderings.

Just then the neighbour's firstborn, a stripling of twelve years, seated on the common garden-wall, idly tempting Satan to use him, stretched forth his hand, and smote the philosopher on the head with an over-ripe apple.

Pausing in his walk to pick the rotten fruit from his earhole, the great Sir Isaac looked up, and, espying the culprit, exclaimed—"Damn you for an ill-bred young whelp. Can you not appreciate the fact that hitting an elderly savant on the ear with an apple is an action of some gravity?"

(Which story goes to show that Historians, like some Journalists, can make good copy out of a trivial incident.)

RESEARCH STUDENT.



FOREIGN PARTS.

A Miscellany of Divers Curious and Little-known Facts concerning the Foreign parts, whose Amenities will Shortly be Enjoyed by Those Youths of Both the Male and the Female Sexes Participating in the Summer Tours Organised by the National Union of Students.

Ethel M. Dell
Is to be buried in the Sainte Chapelle :
(The Venerable Bede
Is already interred at the Invalides.)
The orchestras of St. Cloud
Have been known to play "Tea for Two";
But at Versailles
They're still "Comin' Thro' the Rye."
King Bruce was crowned at Scone
Instead of on the Rhône;
Which explains why Frankfurt-am-Main
Is not on the Rhine.
They make quantities of hay
(While the sun shines) at Château d'Oex,
But on the Lake of Thun
They make it by the light of the Moon.

At Bex
They concentrate on sex;
And at Mont St. Michel
As well.
The mayor of Brig
Has never seen a pig:
Even when his sister said she'd seen one in Geneva
He refused to believe 'er.
They eat nothing but boiled Parsley
At Aarsley;
And in Elsinore
They even eat it raw.
Brahms composed a sonata for the concertina
At Dobsina.
As there isn't a Hoe
At Brno,
To live there would have been a mistake
For Francis Drake.
They deny the Immortal Soul
In the Tyrol;
And even Mr. McKenna
Daren't write a novel on Vienna.
Anna O. Nilsson
Was brought up near Pilsen;
That's why she's always itchin'
To return to Jicin.
Ten million tons of dynamite are stored
Under the Place de la Concorde.
Exploded, you would hear the noise
At Amboise;
And you'd easily feel the shock
At St. Roch.
What they used to do at the Sal Petrière
Is not your affair;
Nor are the goings-on
At the Sorbonne.

*(For less romantic but more accurate details, apply to your N.U.S. representative,
or to the Tours Secretary, 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.)*



THE CAMBRIDGE CONGRESS.

"I do perceive there is no such quietness in England, no pleasure in strange countries, as even in St. John's College, to keep company with the Bible, Plato, Aristotle and Demosthenes and Tully" (Roger Asham—Letters).

PROBABLY the greatest advantage which College life has to offer to the youthful, is the opportunity to talk with people whose opinions and views of life embrace practically every phase of present day thought; and when this opportunity is increased by the meeting together of students from all over the country, and from abroad, attending such a function as the N.U.S. Congress at Cambridge, is yet another step towards the ultimate aim—to graduate successfully in the University of life.

A most inspiring opening address by Viscount Cecil seemed to set the seal of success on the Congress: the Universities Parliament, opened by Viscount Grey of Fallodon, was at once amusing and instructive, and we were fortunate in having the Rt. Hon. Viscount Ullswater as "Mr. Speaker."

Meetings of the I.U.L.N.F., Faculty addresses on Careers, a visit to Messrs. Chivers' Jam Factory, all had a part in a very full and interesting programme.

One afternoon was spent at the Theatre, where three excellent plays were given, and special mention must be made in this report of those who represented Coll. so splendidly in the presentation of E. & O.E., Miss Gray, Miss Kimber, Messrs. Daniell, Goodridge, and Keats.

THE lighter side of the Congress must be mentioned, however, if a true report is to be given. On the first and last evenings a dance was held in the Town Hall, and it is a curious fact that, although there were enough people there to twice fill the room, it was never more than once full—a tribute to the "sitting out" accommodation, or to the capability of students to adapt themselves to circumstances.

The river offered great attraction to men and maidens alike; in fact, so great was the draw on one occasion, that four Hartleyans, watching the sunlight dance from ripple to ripple, and carried away by the music of its laughter, flung aside all obstacles which separated them from the object of their worship, and cast themselves headlong into its clinging embrace—that is what they say—the rest of us think that they fell in.

The men had the pleasure of being entertained to tea in Newnham by the ladies of the party, and, on another occasion, the ladies visited St. Johns for a similar purpose.

Little more remains to be told. The rest is just a memory, in which coffee stalls, coal scuttles, the poet's room, and the Bridge of Sighs, vie with one another for pride of place.

A moonbeam quivered on the water;
Brighter grew—and then was gone:
The Bridge of Sighs, the "Miller's" daughter,
Combined to thrill Southampton's son.

The moon flickered—or winked,
Paled,
Was gone.

C. C. C.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A VOLUNTEER.

TUESDAY, May 11.—England is going to the dogs. These T.U.C. Bolsheviks threaten our liberties. I must do something for the old flag. Saw H—w up at Coll. He waxed eloquent on the constitution, and waved his arms about no end. I didn't listen to him, though I agreed with all he said.

Thursday, May 13.—The position seems serious. I read some Kipling, and then went with H—w to join up as specials. Both accepted, and feel virtuous. H—w directing perambulator traffic through Bargate: I'm on the Winchester Road.

Friday, May 14.—Began duties. Practised waving hand to small maiden on bicycle. She blew me a kiss. I must not tell Mrs. Clio. An errand boy appears to take a kindly interest in my activities, especially when I proudly directed some three-ton lorries on their way.

Saturday, May 15.—Signalled to private car that the road was clear in my best official manner, whereupon it shot up a side turning. Errand boy keeps asking me time. Thirsty work. I wish we were nearer a fountain. An obliging driver has slaked my thirst by steering through a large puddle, but, as I afterwards pointed out to the errand boy, I prefer my water neat and without sediment. The errand boy smiled. He is a bright lad. He tells me a man has been arrested at the Bargate for stealing a perambulator and its contents. Poor H—w. He means well, but he went to Oxford.

Monday, May 17.—The errand boy is ill-mannered and obtuse. Three cars approached from different directions. I waved my hands at two of them, and shook my head at the third, with the sole result of tilting my hat over my eyes. When it was restored, I found that the cars were coming on rapidly. I jumped up and down, turned a right about, and saluted without visibly slackening their progress. The errand boy clapped approvingly. Disaster was imminent, and then I had an idea. I stood on one leg, signalled two of the cars to stop with my hands, and wagged my other leg at the third. The errand boy informed me that land was in sight. Then my supporting leg slipped, and I fell on my face. When I sat up the errand boy guffawed and departed, while the three cars disappeared along their various roads.

Tuesday, May 18.—An unfortunate day. The porridge was cold, and Mrs. Clio kept referring to the state of my trousers as a result of yesterday's duties. At 11.30 I directed an army lorry into a stationary tram. I am now of the opinion that the navy, when drunk, would have some difficulty in preserving its tradition if confronted with this rather annoyed lorry driver. He was magnificent. I've heard nothing to equal his performance since I left Cambridge. At 12 an ungrateful country decided that I should change point duty for patrol work.

Wednesday, May 19.—My beat is from the "Pig and Whistle" to the "Bird in Hand." Scarcely a salubrious neighbourhood, but it has its compensations. The lemonade at the "Pig" requires just a dash of soda water to make it perfect, and the barman at the "Bird" has the cutest shingle I've seen since I left Hartley. There was a young riot round the corner of the "Pig" this morning, but, fortunately, it was just off my beat. I twirled my baton in security under the lee of the "Bird" till the noise had died away, and then I reported. There is nothing like tact in managing these affairs.

Thursday, May 20.—The interlude is over, and I return once again to civilian life. The corridors resound with "Tarantara, Tarantara." I wonder why?

Clio.

OLD HARTLEYANS ARE HELPING !

RE-UNION has always meant a linking up of past and present. The Re-Union of 1926 will stand out as a Re-Union at which Old Hartleyans gave tangible proof of their belief in their *Alma Mater*; for, at this Re-Union, the Old Hartleyans' Appeal Fund was inaugurated.

The story is thus :—

1. *During the fortnight preceding Re-Union.*
Committee Meeting—lots of talk—even more work than talk.
2. *Re-Union Friday.*
General conversation—Joint Secretaries regarded as “not bad fellows on the whole” (but very talkative)—Committee members commit themselves personally for a definite sum.
3. *Re-Union Saturday.*
9.30 *p.m.*—Professor Eustice addresses a gathering—stirring reminder of “the good old days”—announces that the O.H. Fund stands at £70.
9.40.—Secretary reports O.H. Fund nearly £130.
4. *Re-Union Sunday.*
“Peace.”
5. *Re-Union Monday.*
7.30 *p.m.*—O.H. Fund over £150.
9 *p.m.* £185.—Secretaries struggling.
10.15 *p.m.*—O.H. Fund over £200—Secretaries voted “xxx—I x !”
So the work proceeds, and, up to date, the Old Hartleyans have subscribed no less than £300 *os. od.*

THIS was the beginning, and it is hoped that the ending will mean £10,000 to the College Exchequer.

The Committee are writing to all Old Hartleyans, and to those of you who will become “Old ‘uns” this year, we appeal for continuance of an interest and enthusiasm for the College, which has been an outstanding feature of the past twelve months.

In whatever way you decide to help, will you take the Old Hartleyans' Appeal Slogan as a guide—Do *all* you can for as *long* as you can.

BRAVO HARTLEY!! GOBLI-I-IO!!

(Signed) HART GOBLIAN.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THE RUBAIYAT: THE TEACHERS' VADE-MECUM. By PROF. EGBERT E. HENN, pp. xvi—225. Foreword by PROF. GOTTA DI PLOMA. 7/6 nett.

WE have no hesitation in recommending this useful, uplifting little book, written by the well-known Guardian of the Junior Branch of the Young Abstainers' Union, Professor Egbert E. Henn. In some parts this book is reminiscent of an earlier volume, written by one of the Professor's colleagues, Mr. Bilford B. Bugley, D.D., who also occupies a post in the abstaining department. The title of this volume was "The Four Gospels: the Supervisor's Guide," and every page was redolent of the piety and Bible-lore of this noble man, who is also the author of "The Life of S. Theresa, Edited for the Perusal of the Young." However, though there may be echoes, the large body of Professor Henn's book is original work. Although the book is of wide interest to all, and particularly to Sunday school teachers and publicans, certain passages will be read with special interest by the Boston Pig-keepers. There is a moral uplift in this book which may be followed by all with great advantage. We print, with comment, selected passages from Professor Henn's book (7/6 net, of all booksellers and stationers; may also be obtained at 7/7 at the Abstaining Office).

"OMAR Khayyam, son of a Persian swine-herd, began his career as pupil teacher in the State-aided tertiary school of Imam Mowaffak, at Naishapur, in 1165 A.D. Although Omar achieved great success in the teaching world, he would have succeeded in any career he had chosen to adopt, if we are to believe his testimonials, which are preserved in the Central Library at Naishapur."

That Omar realised the trials of the student on School Practice is shown by these lines :—

"Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after a TO-MORROW stare,
Stern supervisors in their notebooks write,
'Blackboard BAD. Questioning ONLY FAIR.'"

And again :—

"With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand labour'd it to grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'Illustration weak and progress slow.'"

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ, moves on."

Omar here evidently advocates the "chunk-at-a-time" method of writing on the blackboard—i.e., the writing of the whole of the digest upon the board *at once* at the end of the lesson, and not in dribblets during the course of the lesson, for this is apt to distract the children.

"O Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in."

Once again, a rebuke to supervisors :—

"Shapes of all sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
And some loquacious always were; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all."

Personally, we prefer the former type; "the silent supervisor is far more dangerous in the long run. The Professor's comment on this verse is that the mean should be observed in all things.

Then follows a digression on S. Catherine of Genoa, which we omit.

"Would but some wingèd Angel, ere too late,
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
And make the stern Recorder otherwise
Enegister, or quite obliterate."

The Professor comments that perhaps supervisors sometimes err a little on the strict side, and that there are many sad cases of young lives being permanently blighted by the blast of their criticisms.

"But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee."

"No," the Professor remarks. "Students should not chatter together while supervisors are talking. They should stand respectfully at attention, with head inclined slightly forward at an angle of 75° Fahrenheit, the ears well opened. If the supervisors are not talking of the universe, the students will leave the room."

"Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp have students young to guide
The little Children stumbling in the Dark?'
'G.T. + Inexperience!' Heav'n replied."

The Professor leaves this passage without comment, as it contains several difficulties; he remarks, however, that all young students should read Croce's "Aesthetic."

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of Adams and Nunn so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth: their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust."

The Professor writes here, that, fortunately, students attach too great an importance to the value of the money which they spend on their education to do this kind of thing.

BUT our readers must not think from the foregoing account that the Professor finds no practical advice to teachers in Omar's poem. We select two passages at random:—

"Into the Fire of Spring
Your Winter Garment of Repentance fling."

"Omar here appears to advise casting the clout *before* May is out. However, no unnecessary risks should be taken. (See 'The Child's Book of Saints,' to be obtained on application at the Abstaining Office.)"

"Fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by!"

"Omar does not advise young teachers to try a new brand of petrol for the first time when starting late for school."

WE close this little list of extracts from Professor Henn's book with one rather remarkable quotation from Omar, which the Professor leaves once again without comment. However, he promises to deal with it in the second volume of this work, due to appear in October next. We look forward eagerly to hearing his interpretation then; in the meantime the Professor advises students to read "S. Thomas Aquinas."

"And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
*One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught,
Better than in the Temple lost outright.*"

"UNSIGNED PLEASE."



CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor, the Magazine.

Dear Sir,

I would be much obliged if you would permit me to utilize a portion of your space to thank all those who have contributed, during the session, to the progress which I think has taken place. When one looks back, one invariably thinks of what might have been, but this year we have taken several very definite steps forward. The Inter-Varsity Debate; "The Pirates of Penzance"; E. and O.E., before an audience of some three or four hundred at Cambridge, and, finally, the reception of the South African Students when they visited this country, are all very tangible proofs of growing activity.

The formation of Montefiore House and Russell House for the non-residential student is, without a doubt, the greatest step yet taken to combat the hitherto prevalent view that the town students are "out of it," and present and future generations have a great debt to pay to Miss Baker and L. R. Farrell, not only for what they have done for town students, but for their great keenness in every direction.

To the various secretaries and officials I should like to tender my thanks for their work, and I should like to thank all students for the way in which the work of the Students' Council and Societies have been backed up. Without this support we cannot progress.

To those who are going down, may they take with them my very best wishes for a most successful career; to those remaining, for a prosperous and pleasant session to come. To all may I add *Au revoir*.

I remain, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

GEOFFRY A. F. GRINDLE.

To the Editor, the Magazine.

Sir,

Last vacation my son brought home what you call a magazine, which I call a very improper publication, which you didn't ought to be allowed to print. Before he went to College my Rodney was a good boy. He won Sunday School prizes, and he was a Boy Scout, and I won't let him be corrupted by your nasty magazine, making fun of reverend clergymen, and saying dreadful things about your good professors, and the debate, where dear Rodney wrote and told me such nice, inspiring things were said. You ought to be persecuted under the Libel and Blasphemy laws, you horrid Bolshevik unbeliever. I have written a letter to your dear good Principle, and if he doesn't send you down, I am sure your Heavenly Father will, you nasty man.

AN INDIGNANT MOTHER.

[Even *our* crime hardened conscience could not resist the concluding phrase of the above; which accounts for the exemplary moral tone of this issue. May the Recorder not overlook this, our noble effort, to keep Rodney on the straight and narrow path he has already paved with "Jessica's First Prayer," and other rewards for his hebdomadal acquisitions in scriptural philately.—EDITOR.]



THE INTER-VARSITY DEBATE.

AT last we have taken our stand in the University world of the British Isles. It has not been easy to make the jump necessary to clear the moat of difficulties, which kept us from the castle of those select bodies. But who cares about weeks of organising, when the results of all that toil are those which we witnessed here during that memorable week-end? Never before in the history of our College have we had an Inter-Varsity debate, and we were greatly honoured by the way in which we were supported by our fellow Universities, there being as many as twelve 'Varsities represented by twenty delegates. Determined, above all things, to make our function a great social success, we invited our visitors for the week-end, thus allowing them ample time to see the wonders of Southampton and Winchester. Our first function was the dinner, on the Friday, at which covers were laid for fifty-four in the Refectory. I feel that this would be a good opportunity to thank the Refectory Staff for the admirable way in which the arrangements were carried out.

After dinner, we entered the Assembly Hall to take part in the actual debate. As this was our first of the Inter-'Varsity type, we were extremely pleased that it exceeded even our most sanguine expectations. But we hope that this standard will be raised in succeeding years, and, meanwhile, we will rest content that our 700 visitors who were present at the debate at College undoubtedly saw the true Inter-'Varsity spirit which exists.

On Saturday morning we went by charabanc to the Docks, where we had the pleasure of showing our visitors the floating dock and the "Aquitania." While we were aboard the latter, the delegates saw the "President Roosevelt" enter the Docks.

At the invitation of the Refectory Committee, lunch was taken in the College Refectory. After this the party was taken to Winchester to see the Cathedral and the College. Mr. J. S. Furlley, the Chairman of the University College Council, showed us round Winchester College, and, after explaining many points of interest, very kindly invited the whole party to tea.

In the evening the Assembly Hall at College was the rendezvous, over 240 students and friends being present at a very enjoyable dance.

On Sunday morning the delegates attended a Special College Service at St. Mary's, South Stoneham, where the preacher was the Rev. F. M. P. Sherriffs, of Caythorpe, Lincs. After this, the visitors were shown over South Stoneham

House and Highfield Hall, the party being divided for lunch between these two halls. In the afternoon, South Hill was visited, after which the delegates and a few of the students had tea at the Bungalow Café.

On Monday morning we said "Good-bye" to the last of the delegates, to the accompaniment of wild and weird Welsh warlike cries.

SIMON.

SOUTH STONEHAM HOUSE.

THIS has been, in many respects, one of the quietest terms Stoneham has witnessed. The great strike was, no doubt, in a large measure responsible, though there are some who opine that the approach of silent encounters with B. of E. and London University authorities has had some influence. Socially, we have fulfilled two engagements. On May 1st the members of Montefiore House entertained us at College, and we enjoyed a dance, made very lively by a youthful, but none the less good, orchestra. On May 28th we entertained the members of Montefiore House and Russell House, and became so absorbed in our efforts that we caused our guests to overstay the time of departure of their last car. As we have stated previously, time on these occasions is all too short. Later in the term the Senior men are to enjoy two outings—one to Winchester, where we are to be the guests of Mr. Furley, and the other to Greatham, the home of Mr. Meynell.

One usually notable feature of the summer term has been missing. Within about four weeks of end of term we are just going to commence croquet, and the canteen manager is trusting that shortness of time for play will improve generosity in certain quarters, lest the end of term find his cupboards overstocked with chocolate. We feel sure he is not by any means the only person who entertains this hope. The tennis lawns, in better condition than for some years, have been used freely when weather has permitted, and handicap tournaments are producing some keen play.

Looking back on the year we find many pleasant thoughts, but we find also one disturbing feature. We are too numerous, and those of us who are going down feel uncomfortable in face of the fact that the number of people whom we can claim really to know is few, and to that extent our corporate life is a failure. Now we hear rumours that the number of residents is to be increased. We are sorry, and had better say no more about it.

SOUTH HILL NOTES.

LABOREM *ludumque cano*. Let us, like the proverbial small child, begin with the jam. Our energies thus far have been concentrated on what has been for us the great event of the summer term. On June 12th, in spite of the gloomy prophecies of the Clerk of the Weather, we were able to hold our Garden Party under more or less favourable circumstances. Our thanks are due to Mr. Tann, who, "blushing unseen," helped us with the music in the production of "The Prince who was a Piper," and did not "waste his sweetness on the desert air."

Whitsun, as usual, saw real re-union at South Hill. On Saturday, the Warden invited the whole House to tea in the garden, and henceforth picnics were the order of the day. Many Old Hartleyans met in the grounds on Sunday afternoon, before setting off for tea in the country. Black Tuesday, with lectures in its train, came, alas, all too quickly!

The House thanks the Warden and the Sub-Warden, whose kindness and sympathy have made this year such a happy one.

In conclusion, we wish all those who are sitting for important examinations, and those who are going down this term, every success. We look confidently to those who are returning to maintain the traditions of the House. May many jolly and successful days be theirs in the coming year.

K. N. L.

MONTEFIORE HOUSE.

THIS third term of our existence has not been very crowded with events, but we devoted two evenings to pleasure. Early in the term the members of S.S.H. were our guests for the evening, and, more recently, they invited us to Stoneham, and showed us what entertaining meant. No general meeting has been possible, but we are hoping for a good programme for next session.

We are to lose two of our best friends this term, Mrs. Green, our Warden, and Miss Baker, our President and Founder. We take this opportunity to thank both of them for all they have done for Montefiore House, and to wish them the best of luck in the future.

When, at the beginning of this session, the House was organised, some doubted its success. There is little room for doubt now, and the venture has been even more successful than we anticipated. May this be the opening of a glorious career.

P. H.

THE PLAY READING CLUB.

FOR the last time we wield the secretarial pen. Indeed, our right to inscribe our own obituary is open to challenge. Already a brand new President and a brand new Secretary call meetings, lay plans, and discuss plays for the next year. Our voice is a voice from the dead, and, like all things past, it comes with a note of wistfulness and warning. We cannot deny ourselves the liberty of offering advice. We feel old and experienced, and therefore incapable of further doing. We must preach. We shall be spared the realisation that our warning was unheeded.

Read plays that amuse you, shun plays that improve you. The world is too full of people rivetting on each other's halos. A mask and bladder would be better equipment for three years in College. Your first duty is to enjoy life, and cram it with every sensation. If you fail to live in College you will inevitably perish of inanition in the greater universe. "To your own selves be true," and suspect all who would have you otherwise—especially the Committee. They are certain to thrust some nauseating trash upon you. It may be Shakespeare, it may be Euripides. Whatever guise it assumes, badger the Committee; they exist solely to be worried. A serene committee is an anomaly, a raging committee a healthy sign, and a resigning committee the hall mark of success.

We have finished. The ghosts of 1925—26 stand on the banks of Lethe and raise a thin anthem to their successors, "Courage and Good Luck."

T. W. S.

THE CHORAL & ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

THIS term is, in many respects, the best term of the year, and *joie de vivre* is expressed more in the physical activity of tennis and cricket rather than in the aesthetic and mental energy required for those arts existing under the broad title of Music. Thus, this term has seen the Society externally

inactive, excepting for two small engagements—one, when the orchestra played at the annual meeting of the Engineering Society, and the other, when the Choral Society sang "Jerusalem" with the choir at the Annual Church Service. But dogs sleep with one eye open, and perhaps the Committee may well represent the open eye of the sleeping Society.

It is with great regret that we lose Mr. G. H. Osborne, who has been our Chairman and Musical Director during the last year. We feel that we have lost "the spur that pricked the side of our intent," and thank him heartily for the assistance that he has rendered us. It would be an omission of duty if we did not take this opportunity of publicly thanking all those members of the College, students, workmen, officials, staff and wardens, who have all been of great assistance to us, and have helped to make this year a successful one.

H. G. B.

SOIRÉE.

A SOIRÉE affords an interesting spectacle, judging by some observations of both spectators and participators. There are those who regard it as a display of aroused Jungle-Complexes, and the prevalent opinion of observers appears to be that it is a pastime of the frivolous. Although the Stoneham Toddle has practically vanished, the Sidney-Slither-and-Slap gains more adherents daily. But seriously, although the present standard of dancing is an improvement upon that of three years ago, it still leaves much to be desired. Certainly, dancing is a recreation, but if a thing is worth doing, surely it is worth doing well.

However, there was no lack of energy and invention displayed in the costumes seen at the Fancy Dress Soirée, when a record was created by the large number of people who did turn up in fancy dress. The Whitsun Re-union Soirée was well attended; so was Refec. when they began to serve out the ices. There was a certain person who appeared to be there on every occasion when we entered (on official business). The last Soirée (we speak proleptically) was a great success. The Beauty Prize was won by Mr. K——y.

R. D. M. M.

GRAMOPHONE CLUB.

THE Gramophone Club, formed by the staff, has, during the last session, very kindly organised a special branch of their activities for the benefit of students. It is chiefly due to Miss Trout's energy and forethought that the weekly Friday concerts have taken place; energy, for she often brings up her own records, and performs the duty of "organ-grinder," not to mention the interesting chats she gives on each record; forethought, because she compiles each week's programme from suggestions, etc., and jogs the memory of the (repentant) scribe whose duty it is to publish the list. Space does not permit a complete or even representative list of the records that have been played, but a complete list may be found in the Music Studio. Several complete works have been played, including some of Beethoven's and Mozart's symphonies. We look forward eagerly to the forthcoming "Parsifal" records. Thanks are due to Professor Watkin, who, besides helping in innumerable ways, is bringing his own gramophone up to play the "Parsifal" records; and to Professor Leake whose enjoyable talks all will remember; and, finally, to all who have so kindly lent records from time to time.

R. D. M. M.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY.

THE number of College societies has been increased this term by the formation of an Economics Society. This has undoubtedly satisfied a need long felt by the College. Unfortunately, the Society has not been able to commence its activity this session, but next term, it is hoped, will see it in full swing. The fact that Economics is the study of the day, should do much to make the Society the most successful in College.

W. C. H.

N. U. S.

THOSE of us who went to Cambridge during the Easter Vac. saw the N.U.S. "functioning" in all its glory. Meeting foreign students, speeches worth listening to, dances, and last, but not least, Cambridge itself, combined to make the Congress a great success.

Meanwhile, at home, trusty stalwarts were carrying on the international work of the N.U.S., by arranging to meet three juvenile boxers from South Africa, landing here on Easter Monday. Not that they were students, but they were somehow connected through Mr. Kahn with the University of Cape Town. It is rumoured that the boat arrived about 6 a.m., but the visitors had a good welcome.

This term we have been made wise upon the subject of Insurance, by Mr. Forster, Hon. Insurance Secretary of the N.U.S. We are determined to safeguard next year's students from the awful ravages of fire, where'er they be, by urging them to adopt the 3s. policy.

There is still time to think about going to Prague for the C.I.E. Council Meeting, or anywhere else in Europe for the matter of that, under the sheltering wings of the N.U.S. (see "Tours Handbook").

Finally, as this is the last N.U.S. report we shall have to write, may U.C.S. be increasingly represented in the activities of English Universities, and may it rely upon the N.U.S. as an organization which is of real service to students.

M. I. B.

No reports from other Halls or Societies have reached us, but since no news is good news, and in the absence of obituary notices, we infer their continued existence.

EDITOR.



CRICKET.

ALTHOUGH the first team had a good programme of matches arranged for this season, there seems to have been a large number of scratched games up to the present. Seven games have been played out of thirteen arranged, five have been won, one lost, and one abandoned, owing to rain.

Our annual fixtures with Exeter resulted in a win for Exeter here on May 15th, and a win for us at Exeter, on May 29th. Fielding and bowling were poor in the home game, but excellent on Gräs Lawn. Mann, a junior who shows promise of making a good bowler, carried off the bowling honours, for he captured 5 wickets for 11 runs. Smart's batting performance must not be forgotten—"Richard" has the knack of doing the right thing against Exeter—last season he carried his bat for 19 runs, this season he again remained undefeated.

The Netley Hospital match was again exciting. Coll. batted first, and compiled 125 runs for the loss of 7 wickets (Farrell 42, Wright 33, Smart 25 not out). However, our opponents were dismissed for 54 (Farrell 3 for 7, Wright 2 for 4).

Farrell, our vice-captain, has not lost his form. So far he has not only batted well (he is at present top of the averages), but also has given us many good illustrations of how a ball can be fielded and well returned.

Keates, a junior, has shown himself to be not only a promising bowler, but a stylish batsman. We regret he cannot finish the season with us, but we wish him every success in his post at Thornycroft's.

The invaluable services of Donohoe and Bishop are worthy of comment. Donohoe has carried out the duties of umpire very successfully, while Bishop has rendered loyal service as scorer.

The Second Eleven has played four matches, losing three and winning one. Kelley has shown himself an enthusiastic captain, and has had good success with the ball. There is one good characteristic of our second team—when they do "hit out"—either bat or ball has to go. This is evidenced in the number of bats broken this season!

It is to be hoped that the remainder of the season will be in glorious summer weather. If it isn't, well—.

G. C. S.

RUGGER.

IN our last five matches we defeated R.A.F., Worthy Down, R.A.F., Flower-down, and Trojans B, and were defeated by R.A.F., Calshot, and Norman's (Salisbury).

Our final record thus became :—

Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points for.	Points against.
21	13	7	1	209	171

This, we think, may be considered a reasonably creditable record of a very enjoyable season, and those of us for whom Coll. Rugger is now ended sincerely hope that the steady improvement we have seen in the past three years will be continued.

Colours were earned by :—Messrs. Bechervaise, Bunney, Dickson, Forrest, Holden, Hopkins, Mann, Mills, Molyneux, Nicholls, Parker, Sussams, Thomas, Ward, Wassell.

Caps were awarded to :—Hopkins, Ward, Thomas (re-awarded) ; Sussams, Parker, Molyneux, Mills, Mann.

THE SPORTS MEETING.

THE Sports were held on May 7th, at the County Ground, under appalling conditions. The attendance, naturally, was small, but the times returned in the events were about as good as usual, in spite of the heavy and slippery ground.

H. R. Mills was Victor Ludorum, having gained five firsts. P. Jenkins and K. MacKeith, tying, were Victrix Ludorum.

We were glad to have Mrs. E. Furley to distribute the prizes. Those of us who have met Mr. and Mrs. Furley know what keen and sympathetic interest they have in the student-life of this College.

I have said that performances were as good as usual. This does not imply that any more than usual do they merit comparison with those of an average secondary school. What is lacking is difficult to say. It seems that but a few are out to realise their full abilities, training accordingly. The vast majority of us either frankly deny our bodies any physical strain greater than that of walking to College ; or else "sign up," hoping that later it may be overlooked—at best our efforts are perfunctory.

Certainly there are difficulties—lack of time, exams., and lack of opportunity, due to lack of secretary. Just as certainly, unless the general attitude of the College towards participation in, and support of, athletics and sports changes, it will be long before we dare to hold an Inter-Varsity athletic meeting.

I do not admit that my failings as Sports' Day Secretary preclude my making the above criticisms. Rather, I will point out where opportunities have been lost.

There should and must be a Freshers' Sports Day. People come here, more or less, ready to "fit in" with existing institutions. The Freshers' Sports Day is not yet an institution, but the attitude of Seniors next term should suggest very definitely to the Juniors that it *is done* for Juniors to enter for it *en masse*. Secondly, our connection with the Hants County Amateur Athletic Association should be much more real (we are already affiliated), and the offered opportunities of participation in local open and championship events should be very seriously

considered. Then, what about a pack of Harriers, to keep the proposed (rather more than "proposed"—Mr. C. A. Smith being in charge) Swimming Club company?

I have much pleasure in thanking, on behalf of our President, Mr. Glover James, all those who helped so much in the "collar work" of the Sports Day.

Mr. W. C. Bishop is next year's Sports' Day Secretary. I welcome him, and present him to you as one who will be more than a suggester and organiser, a leader on the field.

A. M. O. B.

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2. Criticisms of the artist's technique, aspersions on his good taste, or doubts relative to his sanity will disqualify.
3. In the case of candidates using notes, the Board will adopt its traditional view.
4. The Editor's decision is more than final; it is irrevocable, ultimate, and absolute.

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